

Stiff-necked

Caught in the drainpipe
of this tin-can quick-charge one-use world,
I've had enough.

Blast me, Lord; tear the roof right off.
Crack me open
like a bookspine puckered new; splay me.
Dog-ear me.

Breathe me; knead me. Tender me and tinder me,
hoard and toss and trundle me,
yea, even to and fro.

Enwrap, enrapt, and dandle me,
dangle, dash and shatter me.
Tethered, I will down-dog, belly high,
or down-shift. I will bow.

I will pour myself through your sieving fingers;
clarify me pure as rendered butter,
silken-smooth and mellow.

I would be honed
and owned.

—Darlene Young

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